

# GOING SOME

## A ROMANCE OF STENOUS AFFECTION

### BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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#### SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are broken over the loss of their champion in a foot race with the cowboy of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Oliver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chippin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glue club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back and put Speed in line. If Speed falls, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. Speed declares to Larry that the best way out is for him (Speed) to injure himself. Glass won't stand for it.

#### CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Strange!" said Willie.  
"What?"  
"My rest was fitful and disturbed and peopled by strange fancies a whole lot. I dreamt he threw the race!"

A chorus of oaths from the bunks.  
"What did you do?" inquired Stover.  
"I woke up, all of a tremble, with a gun in each hand."  
"Well, I'm the last person in the world to be superstitious." Still Bill observed, "but I've had similar visions lately."

"Maybe it's a omen."  
"What is a omen?" Carara inquired.  
"A omen," explained Willie, "is a kind of a nut. Salted omen is served at swell restaurants with the soup."

In the midst of it Joy, the cook, appeared in the doorway, and spoke in his gentle, ingratiating tones:  
"Morning, gel'mum. I see 'im again."

"No savvy who; strange man! I go down to spring-house for bucket water; see 'im lide 'way. Velly strange!"  
"I bet it's Gallagher."

"Vat you tank he wants?" queried Murphy.  
"He's layin' to get a shot at our runner," declared Stover, while Mr. Cloudy, forgetting his Indian reserve, explained in classic English his own theory of the nocturnal visits.

"Do you remember Humpy Joe? Well, they didn't cripple him, but he lost. I don't think Gallagher would injure Mr. Speed, but—he might—bribe him."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the Mexican.  
"God 'mighty!" Willie cried, in shocked accents.  
"I believe you're right, but"—Stover meditated briefly before announcing with determination—"we'll do a little night-ridin' ourselves. Willie, you watch this young fellow daytimes, and the rest of us'll take turns at night. An' don't lose sight of the fat man, neither—he might carry notes. If you don't like the looks of things—you know what cards to draw."

"Sixes," murmured the near-sighted cow-man. "Don't worry."  
"If you see anything suspicious, burn it up. And we'll take a shot at anything we see movin' after 9:00 p. m."

Then Berkeley Fresno came hurriedly into the bunk-house with a very cheery "Good-morning! I'm glad I found you up and doing," he said blithely. "I thought of something in my sleep." It was evident that the speaker had been in more than ordinary haste to make his discovery known, for underneath his coat he still wore his pajama shirt, and his hair was unbrushed.

"What is it?"  
"Your man Speed isn't taking care of himself."  
"What did I tell you?" said Willie to his companions.

"It seems to me that in justice to you boys he shouldn't act this way," Fresno ran on. "Now, for instance, the water in his shower-bath is tepid. There was an instant's silence before Stover inquired, with ominous restraint:

"Who's been monkeying with it?"  
"It's warm!"  
"Oh! It was a sign of relief."  
"A man can't get in shape taking warm shower-baths. Warm water weakens a person."

"Mebbe you-all will listen to me next time!" again cried Willie, triumphantly. "I said at the start that a bath never helped nobody. When they're hot they saps a man's courage, and when they're cold they—"

"No, no! You don't understand! For an athlete the bath ought to be cold—the colder the better. It's the shock that hardens a fellow."

"Has he weakened himself much?" inquired the foreman.

"Undoubtedly, but—"

"What?"  
"If we only had some ice—"

"We got ice; plenty of it. We got a load from the railroad yesterday."

"Then our only chance to save him is to fill the barrel quickly. We must freeze him, and freeze him well, before it is too late! By Jove! I'm glad I thought of it!"

Stover turned to his men. "Four of you-all hustle up a couple hundred pounds of that ice pronto! Crack it, an' fill the bar!" There was a scramble for the door.

"And there's something else, too," went on Berkeley. "He's being fed wrong for his last days of training. The idea of a man eating lamb-chops, fried eggs, oatmeal, and all that debilitating stuff! Those girls overload his stomach. Why, he ought to have something to make him strong—ferce!"

"Name it," said Willie, shortly.  
"Something like—like—bear meat."  
"We ain't got no bear." Willie looked chagrined.

"This ain't their habitat," added Stover apologetically.  
"Well, he ought to have meat, and it ought to be wild—raw, if possible."

"Their ain't nothin' wilder 'n a long-horn. We can get him a steer."  
"You are sure the meat isn't too tender?"  
"It's tougher 'n a night in jail."

"Good! The rarer it is the better. Some raw eggs and a good strong vegetable—"

"Onions?"  
"Fine! We'll save him yet!"  
"We'll get the grub."  
"And he'll eat it!" Willie nodded firmly.

Stover issued another order, this time to Carara.  
"You 'n Cloudy butcher the wildest four-year-old you can find. If you can't get close enough to rope him, shoot him, and bring in a hind quarter. It's got to be here in time for breakfast."

"Si, Senor!" The Mexican picked up his lariat; the Indian took a Winchester from an upper bunk and filled it with cartridges.

"Of course, he'll have to eat out here; they spoil him up at the house."  
"Sure thing!"  
"I'd hate to see him lose; it would be a terrible blow to Miss Blake."

Fresno shook his head doubtfully.  
"What about us?"  
"Oh, you can stand it—but she's a girl. Ah, well," the speaker sighed. "I hope nothing occurs between now and Saturday to prevent his running."

"It won't," Stover grimly assured the Californian. "Nothin' whatever is goin' to occur."

"He was speaking yesterday about the possibility of some business engagement—"

The small man in glasses interrupted. "Nothin' but death shall take him from us, Mr. Fresno."

"If I think of anything else," offered Berkeley, kindly, "I'll tell you."

"We wish you would!" Fresno returned to the house, humming cheerily. It was still an hour

until his breakfast-time, but he had accomplished much. In the midst of his meditation he came upon Miss Blake emerging upon the rear porch.

"Good-morning!" he cried. She started a trifle guiltily. "What are you doing at this hour?"  
"Oh, I just love the morning air," she answered.

"Same here! Honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes. That's me!"  
"Then you have been working?"

Fresno nodded. He was looking at four cowboys who were entering the gymnasium, staggering beneath dripping gunny-sacks. Then he turned his gaze searchingly upon the girl.

"Were you looking for Speed?" he asked accusingly.

"The ideal!" Miss Blake flushed faintly.

"If you are, he has gone for a run. I dearly love to see him get up early and run, he enjoys it so."

"I have been baking a cake," said Helen, displaying the traces of her occupation upon her hands, arms, and apron, while Fresno, at sight of the blue apron tied at her throat and waist, felt that he himself was as dough in her hands. "I had a dreadful time to make it rise."

"If I were a cake I would rise at your lightest word."

"The cook said it wouldn't be fit to eat," declared Helen.  
"I should love to eat your cooking."

"Once in a while, perhaps, but not every day."

"Every day—always and always. You know what I mean, Miss Blake—Helen!" The young man bent a lover's gaze upon his companion until he detected her eyes fastened with startled inquiry upon his toilet. Remembering, he buttoned his coat, but ran on. "This is the first chance I've had to see you alone since Speed arrived. There's something I want to ask you."

"I—I know what it is," stammered Helen. "You want me to let you sing again. Please do. I love morning music—and your voice is so tender."

"Life," said Berkeley, "is one sweet—"

"What is going on here?" demanded a voice behind them, and Mrs. Keap came out upon the porch, eying the pair suspiciously. It was evident that she, like Fresno, had dressed hurriedly.

"Mr. Fresno is going to sing to us," explained the younger girl, quickly.  
"Really?"

"I am like the bird that greets the morn with song," laughed the tenor, awkwardly.

"What are you going to sing?" demanded the chaplain, still suspicious.

"Dearie."  
"Don't you know any other song?"  
"Oh, yes, but they are all sad."

"I'm getting a trifle tired of 'Dearie,' let's have one of the others."

Mrs. Keap turned her eyes anxiously toward the training-quarters, and it was patent that she had not counted upon this encounter. Noting her lack of ease, Fresno said hopefully:

"If you are going for a walk, I'll sing for you at some other time."

"Is Mr. Speed up yet?"  
"Up and gone. He'll be back soon."

Then Mrs. Keap sank into the hammock, and with something like resignation, said:

"Proceed with the song."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Still Willing to Be Imposed Upon. He had youth and much faith and inexperience, but his good father took him into his office to initiate him into the mysteries of business.

The second day he was at work a man came in asking for financial aid, with a pathetic story about a sick wife at home and six helplessly small children without a crust in the house.

The boy listened earnestly and then went into his dad's office to intercede for the unfortunate man. He told the sad story seriously. The father leaned forward and peered into the outer office at the vagrant.

"My son, credulity is one of those good things that die young—and it is such impostors as that man who make it so," he said impatiently. "Whv, when that man was here last week he had eight children, according to his story."

"But, father, don't you see," replied the son tragically. "The other two probably died of starvation."

Queer Funeral Customs. It would be difficult to find stranger funeral customs than those practiced by the Andaman Islanders. The natives actually drop the bodies of their parents into the sea at the end of ropes and leave them there until nothing remains but the bones, which they gather and hang from the roots of their huts.

It is a common custom for a man to sit by the house and watch the bones of some relative. This is the way they have of showing their love and respect.

The bodies are treated in this fashion so that the evil spirits cannot tease and pinch them. All that is left are the dried bones, and these are placed high so that if the evil spirits wander into the huts they will have a hard time to find them. If a bone is carried away it means some bad spirit has seized it, and this indicates that some terrible calamity will befall the family.

## Vocations for Young Christians

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

Dean of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.—Ephesians IV:7



I am to speak to you on the subject of "Christian Vocations for Young People," which is my reason for using this text.

"Us" is the important word to begin with, which does not mean everybody, but only true Christian believers in the sense of redeemed and regenerated men and women.

such as these the Lord Jesus Christ bestows spiritual gifts according to His grace, as the rest of the verse says. These "gifts" are for the use and blessing of the whole church, and are described in general terms in the following verse as apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers.

Note this, that while we all believe in education and especially in an educated ministry, yet all the colleges, and seminaries and Bible institutes in the world can not make such apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor or teacher. They have tried to make them and have turned out graduates that looked and acted like them, perhaps, but they were not the real thing, and the church has suffered by the imposition. A true apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor or teacher is the gift of the Great Head of the Church in his body. He is a Spirit-taught and Spirit-endowed man, and when the church sees or hears such an one it recognizes his divine commission whether he has the imprimatur of a school or not.

#### What Ministers Are For.

Now, specifically, what are these "gifts" bestowed upon the church for? The answer of the text verse is, "For the perfecting of the saints," which means all true believers, for every believer on the Lord Jesus Christ becomes a saint the moment he so believes. But when the saints are thus "perfected," enlightened, strengthened by the knowledge of the Lord, what are they to do? The answer is to engage in the "work of ministering for the edifying (building up) of the body of Christ." (Verse 12.)

Here comes in the question of Christian vocations for young people who may not have the gift of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors or teachers. There is a work of ministering for them to do nevertheless, when they are "perfected" for it by those who have been truly set apart for that task.

What is the nature of this work? If the student output of the Moody Bible Institute may be taken as a criterion, there is a wide variety in it. We have been taking a census of 8,000 to 9,000 young men and women who have passed through our hands, and have found that some are pastors or assistant pastors, and some are wives of pastors, for the last named is a calling for which Christian young women need a distinct training. Some are evangelists or evangelistic singers, both men and women, some are home missionaries; some are teachers in Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations; some are superintendents of missions and hospitals; some are matrons, deaconesses and nurses, while still others have simply gone into commercial or professional pursuits, and, in the case of women, are occupied in home duties.

#### Every "Joint" of Value.

This brings us to the closing words of Paul on this topic, in verse 16, where, keeping up the figure of the church being the body of Christ, he says, "From whom the whole body fitly joined and compacted by that which every joint supplieth . . . maketh increase of the body." In other words, every single joint in this spiritual organism is of value to the whole, which means that not one of us Christians can be spared in the exercises of our vocation whatever or wherever it may be. The smallest visible joint in the human body may be that of the little finger. It seems of comparatively little worth, but let it get "out of joint" for a while, and what happens? The whole body soon becomes aware of it, and in time may be "put out of commission" because of it. So you and I may have a small opinion of ourselves in the organism of Christ's spiritual body, and from one point of view it is becoming that we should, nevertheless it is necessary that we do our part or else "all the members suffer."

We may not be apostles, evangelists, prophets, pastors or teachers, but we are that which is represented by a "joint," and need to be always in union with the Head, and with the other members of the body if the whole shall be profited and increased.

The vital question, however, is that suggested at the beginning, are you included in the word "US"? It is not enough to live in a Christian land, not enough to be a church member.

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#### Rejected.

He—Be mine and you will make me the happiest man in the world.  
She—I'm very sorry; but unfortunately I want to be happy myself.

#### Not What She Expected.

Ferdy—You are not like most of the other girls I know.  
Sylvia (very softly)—No?  
Ferdy—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!—Puck.

#### Plaint of a Plant.

"But, your honor, my wife won't let me work."  
"Won't let you work?"  
"No; I got a job last week, and she made me quit."

"What kind of a position was it?"  
"At the burlesque theater, sitting in the audience where a soubrette could come down twice a day and kiss me."—Judge.

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#### Caution.

It was the last day of his vacation. He had just finished carving her name on the smooth bark of the birch tree.  
"Dear," he said, "will you promise to wait for me till I come again next summer?"

She looked up at him with the love light in her eyes. "Yes, Henry," she murmured.  
"Then I'll cut my initials beside yours."

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#### A Distinction.

Mrs. Outertown—Isn't there a Mrs. Skinner in this village who keeps boarders?  
Hi Hubbel!—She takes boarders, ma'am; but she don't keep 'em.—Puck.

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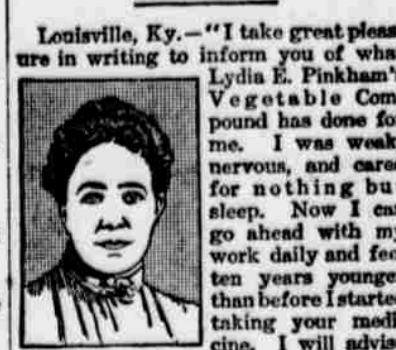
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